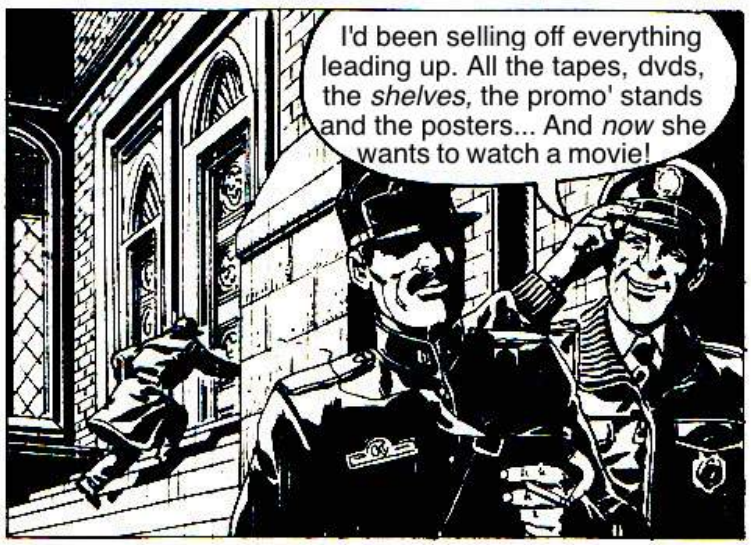
MIKE
LEE FAL
Plex Romer.

After years of searching...
MARKT HOTEL
--dorm room!? You were going to just stick me in a hostel?
Can it.
LIFT
--hard enough with this fucking headache. And here you are glomming a free trip making me change plans.
RECEPT
I could have stayed up a few nights walking around. Got the back brace, thermos...
--vision drinking. And this time out, we fucking found it.
Manny's got to have about three hearts in that tiny barrel of his.
Drank that thing into a corner... Brought it down like a fucking titan out there. I wouldn't have believed it, but...

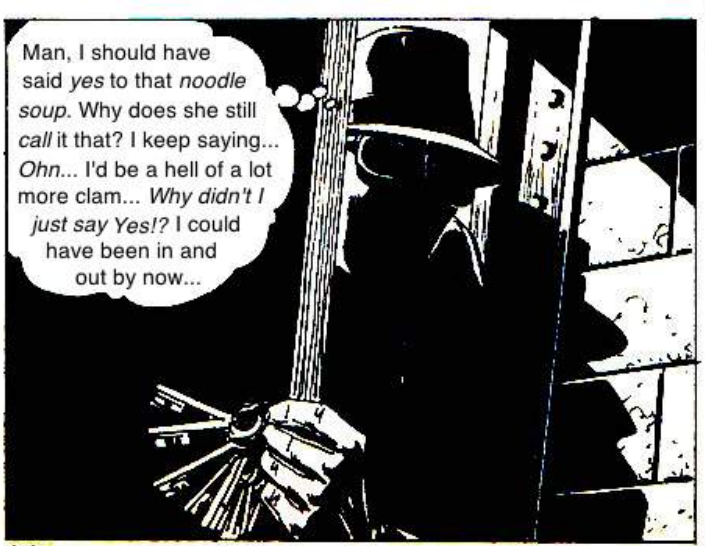
Dragged into a corner, huh? Young bucks and rodeo riders...
That's it, Deb. Manny's only gone fucking blind, but it *is* all young bucks and rodeo riders...
--You won't think it's *bullshit* when I tell you how we found the cord for your dressing gown.
--*Or* how we found where the rats were getting in... I mean, sure, it's a week at a time, but it does the job.
Uh-uh. You can't just dump me off at a dump like this all afternoon. *Dom's Lounge!?*
Hey! Hey! Who wants to --*hic*. See Mike's *saggy* ass!
Come on! That's not--. Hey! *Look!* Deb's trying to hide her shaky fucking hands under her life-jacket! *It's two o'clock!*
You're bullshit!
I don't see *you* on a fucking *death* mission to catch the vision fucking man from the end of the god fucking bottle putting Manny blind now! We've been on his tail--
BRUGGE
Ungh. Fine. I'll... move some boxes then, but you never said anything about getting pottery stuff before... What do you think, lady?
You will forgive me, sir, but the training video didn't have a whole lot to say about pottery.
MARKT HOTEL RECEPTION
Want a *noodle soup?*
I swear that's the blot-clot talking, I'm getting worried about that thing.
Bngff... It's coming up sick in my brain... I'm going all *goggly.*
I guess anything could have happened in a hostel...
"By the water and stone underground, burning reflection to ash and ever night, a cloak in to another..."

Mike stopped by Dom's for the *penne carbonara*...
Bingo. Manny's shot a bulls-eye. Statue, tower... Gonna scalp me a nightmare. Turn it on for the dream-team...

--Called me last night and asked if I knew any "nice dramas" she might like!
What'd you say, Ma, I've been running a video store for six years! *Now* you're asking?


I'd been selling off everything leading up. All the tapes, dvds, the *shelves,* the promo' stands and the posters... And *now* she wants to watch a movie!

Oh, *Christ.* Not now... Where's the bathroom around here?


Man, I should have said *yes* to that *noodle soup.* Why does she still *call* it that? I keep saying... *Ohn*... I'd be a hell of a lot more clam... *Why didn't I just say Yes!?* I could have been in and out by now...

Way to keep that back brace on, big guy. *Operator!*

Baring down on the creamy centre, here... What's... What's that... *"burning...*

...reflection". Well would you look at that... It's little old Mikey here's the man from the end of the bottle. *Hoo boy...*
Opposite Mike from the beyond! Man, I'd have liked to shake hands with that guy!... Well. That's that, I guess.
He could have *sat in* here and there... Maybe stepped out as a *trio* once in a while... We could have been *kings*...
He came in reeking of it.
The boat company rang, they found--
I'm not moving anything in my room, Deb. You can do your pottery in the spare stall in the stable like we said... I'm going to build a bar...
I'm going to drink for a while, Deb. I've lost something.
"For the third Friday night in a row, a major municipal building has been targeted by arsonists. City officials are yet to..."
MORRISTOWN
Haven't seen him on a spree like this in some time... The city can't take much more...
JUNGLE NEWS
Fin.